SONGS, DUETS, TRIOS,

CHORUSSES, &c.

IN

PAUL & VIRGINIA,

A MUSICAL DRAMA,

IN TWO ACTS:

AS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden.

THE

MUSIC

COMPOSED BY

Mr. MAZZINGHI and Mr. REEVE.

LONDON:

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1800.

[*Price Ninepence.*]

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Don Antonio,	Mr. Hill.
Tropic,	Mr. Townſend.
Paul,	Mr. Incledon.
Dominique,	Mr. Munden.
Alambra,	Mrs. Mills.
Diego,	Mr. Emery.
Sebaſtian,	Mr. Claremont.
Officers,	Mr. Linton. Mr. Denman, and Mr. Klanert.
Sailor,	Mr. Atkins.

WOMEN.

Virginia,	Mrs. H. Johnſton.
Jacintha,	Mrs. Atkins.
Mary,	Miſs Sims.
Young Women, Inhabitants of the Iſland,	Miſs Wheatley, Mrs. Sidney, &c. &c.

The SCENE *lies in a Spaniſh Iſland in the Weſt Indies.*

PAUL & VIRGINIA.

OVERTURE. *Mazzinghi.*

ACT I.

SCENE. *The Outside of* VIRGINIA's *Cottage.*

AIR. PAUL. (*Mazzinghi.*)

SEE, from the ocean rising,
Bright flames the orb of day;
Yon grove's gay songs shall slumbers
From Virginia chace away.

DUETT. PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

Virginia. Tho' from the ocean rising,
Bright flames the orb of day,
Alas! the hour of meeting
Awhile we must delay.
Yet awhile retiring—hence away—
Paul. My absence if desiring—I obey.

CHORUS OF ISLANDERS. (*Reeve.*)

Haſte, my companions, here to pay
Our debt of gratitude to worth,
With ſong and dance to hail the day,
That gave the fair Virginia birth.

Sweet flowrets, while you ſhed perfume,
And while each wreath her goodneſs tells;
Here, like her cheeks, where roſes bloom,
Shall beauty mark where virtue dwells.

TRIO AND CHORUS. WOMEN AND DIEGO.
(*Reeve.*)

Women. Bold intruder, hence, away,
Let no rude act profane this day!
'Tis Virginia's natal day.
Diego. Hence, ye idle pack, away,
Inſtead of hard and healthy labour,
Jigging to the pipe and tabor,
Serenading—maſquerading,—
Go home, go home, and work, I ſay.
Women. Againſt decorum—'tis a ſin—
Diego. Let me paſs—I will go in.
Women. With theſe flowery wreaths to day
Our debts of gratitude we pay;
Your flinty heart can nothing feel—
Diego. You pay your debts with what you ſteal.

SONG. DOMINIQUE. (*Reeve.*)

When the moon ſhines o'er the deep,
Ackee-O—Ackee-O—
And whiſker'd Dons are faſt aſleep,
Snoring, faſt aſleep,
From their huts the negroes run,
Full of frolic, full of fun,
Holiday to keep.
'Till morn they dance the merry round,
To the fife and cymbal.
See, ſo briſk,
How they friſk,
Airy, gay, and nimble!
With geſtures antic,
Joyous, frantic,
They dance the merry round.
Ackee-O—Ackee-O
To the cymbal's ſound.

II.

Black lad whiſpers to black laſs,
Ackee-O—Ackee-O—
Glances fly between them paſs,
Of beating hearts to tell.
Tho' no bluſh can paint her cheek,
Still her eyes the language ſpeak
Of paſſion, quite as well.

'Till morn, &c.

22-23

SONG. Paul. (*Mazzinghi.*)

Vaſt is the ſwelling tide of joy,
Too mighty bliſs abounding!
Do not, ye powers, with ſweets deſtroy—
Each yielding ſenſe confounding.
Thus, from the dungeon's gloom reſtor'd,
The captive courts the ſudden light;
Shrinks from the bleſſing he ador'd,
And hides in ſhades his dazzled ſight.

SONG. Jacintha. (*Reeve.*)

20-21

I.

Glorious the ray glancing over the ocean,
That bids hill and valley diſplay each gay hue;
Graceful the orange-grove waves in ſlow motion,
With joy, as it hails the freſh morning in view.

Yet vainly her beauties ſhall nature impart,
But for Love's cheering ſunſhine that reigns in the heart.
All is delight, if kind Love lend his aid;
And all is deſpair, if fond hopes are betray'd.

II.

Sweet is the breeze that awakens the morning,
Or murmurs at eve with the nightingale's ſong;
Bright is the moon-beam, the ſtreamlet adorning,
While o'er the ſmooth pebbles it wanders along.

Yet vainly her beauties, &c.

SCENE. *A Room in* TROPIC's *Houſe.*

SONG. TROPIC. (*Reeve.*)

I.

Our country, is our ſhip, d'ye ſee,
A gallant veſſel too;
And of his fortune proud is he,
Who's of the Albion's crew.
Each man, whate'er his ſtation be,
When Duty's call commands,
Should take his ſtand,
And lend a hand,
As the Common Cauſe demands.

II.

Among ourſelves, in peace, 'tis true,
We quarrel—make a rout;
And having nothing elſe to do,
We fairly ſcold it out.
But once the enemy in view,
Shake hands—we ſoon are friends,
On the deck,
'Till a wreck,
Each the Common Cauſe defends.

SCENE. TROPIC's *Plantation.*

ACCOMPANIED RECITATIVE. PAUL.
(*Mazzinghi.*)

Boldly I come, to plead the cauſe
Of nature and of truth:
Oh! let your heart own nature's laws!
Redreſs this injur'd youth.

AIR. VIRGINIA. (*Mazzinghi.*)

Ah! cou'd my fault'ring tongue impart
The tale of woe that pains my heart,
Then in vain I ſhould not crave
Your pity for a wretched ſlave.

The injur'd, ne'er in vain addreſt,
In plaints of woe a Briton's breaſt:
Compaſſion ever marks the brave!
Oh! pity then, your wretched ſlave.

Ah! cou'd, &c.

FINALE. (*Mazzinghi.*)

CHORUS OF NEGROES.

Oh! bleſt for ever be this day,
When Charity aſſerts her ſway;
When Beauty, generous as fair,
Deems not the ſlave beneath her care;
Andbids the beams of Mercy ſmile
Upon the ſuffering ſons of Toil!

ACT II.

SCENE. *A Room in* VIRGINIA's *Cottage.*

DUET. DOMINIQUE AND ALAMBRA.

(*Mazzinghi.*)

Dom. Don Antonio's come,
Juſt arriv'd from Spain:
And ſoon, in a devil of a hurry, it ſhou'd ſeem,
Will he go home again.
Alambra. What pleaſure! what delight!
To ſee this charming ſight!
Fal, lal, de, ral.
Such gold and jewels bright!
Dom. Why the plague won't you learn your leſſon?
Now attend to what I ſay—
Alambra. All the reſt leave me to gueſs on;
Give me the letter, pray.
Dom. } Liſten to me, pray—
Alam. } No more you need to ſay.
Dom. } Hear, but what I ſay—
Alam. } Adieu, I muſt away.

II.

Alambra. Come, good Dominique,
I'll now Virginia ſeek,
The letter give, and your commands I will receive,
I'm all attention—ſpeak.
Dom. I know my time to talk,
That's over—you may walk;
And ſo, with your fal, de ral,
You now may go your way.
Alambra. Will you then withhold the letter?
Come, now—good, now—don't refuſe.
Dom. On ſecond thoughts, I think I'd better
Tell her myſelf the news.
Alam. } Liſten to me, pray—
Dom. } You now may go your way,
With your fal, lal.
Alambra. Adieu! I muſt away—
Dom. Hear, but what I ſay.

SCENE. *A Pleaſant Country near* VIRGINIA's *Cottage.*

TRIO. (*Mazzinghi.*)

PAUL, VIRGINIA, AND JACINTHA.

When tell-tale echos whiſper around,
The lover with prudence arming,
Then timid love retires from the ſound,
Each whiſper his caution alarming:
But when a lover echo's your ſigh!
That's not amiſs; if no ſtranger is nigh!
The ſweet reſponſe of love—the ſigh!
Oh! that is the echo moſt charming!
The ſweet reſponſe I love! &c.

SCENE. *A Room in* VIRGINIA's *Cottage.*

SONG. PAUL. (*Reeve.*)

A bleſſing unknown to ambition and pride,
That fortune can never abate;
To wealth and to ſplendor tho' often denied,
Yet on poverty deigns to await.

That bleſſing, ye powers, ſtill be it my lot,
The choiceſt beſt gift from above.
Deep fixt in my heart, ſhall be never forgot,
That the wealth of the cottage is love.

II

Whate'er my condition, why ſhould I repine?
By poverty never diſtreſs'd;
Exulting I felt what a treaſure was mine:
A treaſure enſhrin'd in my breaſt.

That bleſſing, &c.

TRIO. (*Mazzinghi.*)

PAUL, VIRGINIA, AND ALAMBRA.

Paul. and *Virg.* Lowly, humble was our lot,
Fortune's frowns seem'd endless,
Yet, by kind heaven, are never forgot
Orphans poor and friendless.
Hope, from the skies descending,
Still her blest influence lending,
Labour o'er, we dance and play;
Hearts free from guile are ever gay!

CHORUS. Hearts free, &c.

II.

Alam. Lowly, humble tho' your lot,
Goodness in you was endless;
Ne'er shall that goodness be forgot,
I too was poor and friendless.
Oh! may, from heaven descending,
Hope, her blest influence lending,
Crown with joy each happy day;
Hearts free from guile are ever gay!

CHORUS. Hearts free, &c.

III.

PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

Blifsful tho' our future lot,
Fortune's ſmiles, tho' endleſs,
Amidſt our joys ſhall ne'er be forgot,
We once were poor and friendleſs.
Humble Content moſt prizing,
Our joys tho' the proud are deſpiſing,
Still this truth may we diſplay,
Hearts free from guile are ever gay!

CHORUS. Hearts free, &c.

QUARTETTO AND CHORUS. (*Mazzinghi.*)

Paul. What ſounds ſtrike my ear!
Jacintha. The guard are paſſing by.
Dominique. But why approach ſo near?
Alambra. The truth let me deſcry. [*Exit.*

Antonio. Come, Sir, diſpatch—your order ſee obey'd:
Officer. 'Tis from the Governor.
Paul. Thus meanly betray'd,
His name by this order you degrade:
Stand forth, baſe deceiver, and ſay,
Of what are we accus'd—our crime diſplay.

Ant. Offic. and Chor. of Guards. Be ſilent—the order you muſt obey.

Paul & Vir. { Our } crime diſplay.
The Reſt. { Their }
Chorus. The order of the Governor you muſt obey.

SCENE. *A rocky Coaſt.—A violent Storm ariſes.*

FINALE. (*Mazzinghi.*)

CHORUS.

Hour of terror, ſcene of woe!
Loſt Virginia! hapleſs maid!
Fate, avert th' impending blow;
Powers of Mercy, lend your aid!

TROPIC.

From yonder cliff let ſignal fires aſcend;
Once more, my gallant hearts, your efforts lend.

CHORUS.

Save the helpleſs maid!

JACINTHA.

Behold! who is yonder,
How wild is his air;
If hither he wander,
Ah! ſoothe his deſpair.

CHORUS.

How wild his deſpair!

PAUL.

Then is ſhe loſt! 'tis madneſs all!
Amid the gloom,
Virginia! on thee I call!
Thee I come to ſave, or ſhare thy doom.

ALAMBRA.

Of winds and waves I'll brave the ſtrife:
'Tis honor calls, fearleſs I go.
What, tho' I riſk my ranſom'd life,
The debt I to Virginia owe.

CHORUS.

Haſte! generous youth, Virginia ſave!

TROPIC.

Unhappy Lovers! all is vain!
See, breathleſs he is caſt on ſhore!

OFFICER.

Yet ſhall a ſpark of hope remain,
Virginia may be ours once more;
While ſinking in the foaming wave,
Alambra, generous as brave,
Reſcu'd the fav'rite of the ſkies!
To ſhore he brings his lovely prize!

CHORUS.

From the cruel waves,
Fate, the fair Virginia ſaves!

PAUL, VIRGINIA, MARY, JACINTHA, &c.

Strains of joy
We'll now employ,
And dance a mirthful meaſure;
From above,
Fate ſmiles on love,
Of life, the choiceſt treaſure.
Fal, lal, la.
Let's dance a mirthful meaſure.

ALAMBRA.

Sing away,
In ſtrains ſo gay,
The praiſe of love and beauty!
Like Dominique,
No praiſe I ſeek,
I only did my duty.
Fal, lal, la.

CHORUS.

Strains of joy, &c.

FINIS.

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